THE OWOSSO TIMES.

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Personal Notes.

President Arthur weighs 215 pounds.

President Arthur was fifty-one October 5.

A monument to Dean Stanley is to be raised in Westminster Abbey.

The Hon. James Russell Lowell, the United States Minister to England, has gone to the Continent.

The San Franciscans are proposing to erect a monument to President Garfield in Golden Gate Park.

Guiteau has published an autobiography which is likely to remove all danger of his escaping the gallows.

Twe ex-governors of the "noble old state" of South Carolina are in jail, one for murder and the other for swindling.

Anna E. Dickinson is to begin her theatrical tour on Jan. 2, as Hamlet, following that with Claude Melnotte and Macbeth.

It has been decided that the monument to Gen. Burnside shall be an equestrian statue, and that it shall be set up in Providence.

Stephen A. Douglas, Jr., has qualified as Master in Chancery for the Cook County (Ill.) Court, and filed his official bond in the sum of $10,000.

Two American Presidents have been of Irish descent. The father of Andrew Jackson and the father of Gen. Arthur were both born upon the Green Isle.

Gen. Joe. Johnston is a walking lead mine. He received eleven wounds, nearly all gunshot, in the war of the Rebellion, and now carries several balls "encysted" in his body.

Princess Louise, who will sail for Canada October 20, is far from well. She has grown thin, has lost the fresh bloom from her cheeks, and looks older than her years warrant.

Orson Pratt, the Mormon "Apostle" who died last week, looked like a politician. He had a flowing beard, ruddy cheeks, keen eyes and a deep voice, and he spoke with the air of a man of authority.

Gov. Plaisted, of Maine, got up early Tuesday morning to be married, the ceremony taking place at five o'clock at Exeter, Me., in order to enable the bridal pair to drive to a neighboring town and there take the express train for Portland and the white Mountains.

President Garfield's private secretary, Mr. Brown, says that the property left by the president consists of the Washington home, upon which there was a mortgage, now paid off; the Mentor estate; a half interest in some Virginia land (the whole of which he and Judge Black took for a fee) worth perhaps $1,500; a little real estate of small value in Chicago; and some mining stock. This is all with the exception of the life insurance.

A pleasant little story is related of Governor Holliday of Virginia by the Alexandria Gazette. One evening last week an old colored woman on crutches entered a railway car in Washington. The car was crowded and the old woman requested a colored man to give her his seat, as it was impossible for her to stand. The man refused. Governor Holliday, who was in the car, overheard the conversation, and promptly tendered the old woman his seat, which was accepted with thanks.

Miss Clara Hamilton, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Governor William T. Hamilton, of Maryland, is the heroine of a romantic runaway marriage which has just been discovered. The Young lady, who is of attractive appearance, for several months has been receiving attentions from John Stanhope, a young man of twenty years of age. This intimacy has been strongly disapproved by the Hamilton family, and the lover was forbidden the mansion. Yesterday it was learned that on August 17 they went to Penmar, a resort on the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and were married on the topmost peak by the Rev. Mr. Murray, of Westminster. Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope returned to their respective families, and no intimation of what they had done was received until a friend of Governor Hamilton's discovered the marriage certificate on file in the Clerk's office. Mr. Stanhope has made several efforts to see his wife but without success. Young Stanhope is quite boyish in appearance and rather good looking. His wife has $25,000 in her own right and is the favorite daughter of her father, who is very wealthy.

The Baseball season is closed and the league clubs have made the follwing record:

NAMES.	Chicago.	Providence.	Buffalo.	Detroit.	Troy.	Boston.	Cleveland.	Worcester.	Games won.	Games played.
Chicago	—	9	7	7	8	10	6	9	56	84
Providence	3	—	5	8	6	7	9	9	47	84
Buffalo	5	7	—	9	3	8	7	7	46	84
Detroit	5	4	3	—	7	8	7	7	41	84
Troy	4	6	9	5	—	6	6	4	39	84
Boston	2	5	4	4	7	—	8	8	38	83
Cleveland	6	3	5	5	6	4	—	7	36	84
Worcester	3	3	5	5	8	3	5	—	32	83
Games lost	28	37	38	43	45	45	48	51	335	....

Slowly, slowly, but quite visibly, the obstacles to the use of electric light pass away. Subdivision, the old difficulty, considered insuperable, has been mastered; a measuring instrument for the light consumed has been invented; yesterday, some weeks ago, the color of light that human eyes find easiest was secured; to-day—this very week—the flicker has been conquered by an application of Faure's accumulator; and to-morrow, perhaps, the easiest, cheapest, and handiest generator of the force will be shown to a Parisian audience, anxious chiefly to know if with electricity substituted for gas, theatres will not light up very well indeed.—*The Spectator.*

A sheriff who was called upon to levy upon a variety actor's effects in Philadelphia the other day found that they consisted of a pair of side whiskers valued at 50 cents, and a whistle worth 10 cents. The actor claimed the benefit of the three hundred dollar exemption law and saved his "effects."

When you say that a girl's hair is black as a coal, it is just as well to specify that you do not mean a red-hot coal.

WHAT TIME IS IT.

What time is it?
Time to do well—
Time to live better—
Give up that grudge—
Answer that letter—
Speak that kind word, to sweeten sorrow;
Do that good deed you will leave till to-morrow,
Time to try hard
In that new situation—
Time to build up on
A solid foundation,
Giving up needless changing and drifting;
Leaving the quicksands that ever are shifting.

What time is it?
Time to be thrifty;
Farmers, take warning—
Plow in the springtime—
Sow in the morning—
Spring rain is coming, zephyrs are blowing;
Heaven will attend to the quickening and growing.
Time to count cost—
Lessen expenses—
Time to look well
To the gates and the fences;
Making and mending, as good workers should;
Shutting out evil and keeping the good.

What time is it?
Time to be earnest.
Laying up treasure;
Time to be thoughtful,
Choosing true pleasure;
Loving stern justice—of truth being fond;
Making your word just as good as your bond.
Time to be happy.
Doing your best—
Time to be trustful,
Leaving the rest,
Knowing in whatever country or clime,
Ne'er can we call back the minute of time.

—*Liverpool Mail.*

ROBERT PARKER'S MISTAKE.

BY E. M.

'How is my wife?'

'She felt herself better this afternoon, sir," returned the landlady, 'and she has gone out for a little. She did not expect you home so soon, I think, sir.'

Robert made no reply, but walked into the sitting-room, closing the door behind him with a bang.

'Yes,' he said to himself, with an impatient sigh, 'it was a mistake. 'Tis easy enough to see it now that it is too late.'

And then he sat down, and took up a week-old newspaper. But though he held it before him, and though his eye went over the lines, his brain did not take in the sense of a single word, for he was still in deep, disturbed thought.

'I dare say she is as sorry as I am now,' he muttered presently, as he flung away the paper. "But what is the use of that? What is done can't be undone, or most of us would undo a good deal, I am thinking.'

And then he put his hands into his pockets, and walked restlessly to and fro the room, whistling snatches of tunes, while the frown on his rather handsome face grew deeper and deeper.

At length he stood still for a moment by the window.

It was a mild, October afternoon. The sun shone on the fading poplars that grew in the middle of the square, on the children at play, and on the old organ-grinder who ground out his tunes so patiently, glancing up at this window, now at that, hoping only for a stray penny or half-penny, and never once thinking—though perhaps he did think sometimes—of all the histories that lay behind all those light curtains and dark curtains, some new, others old and faded; and Venetian blinds, and sun-blinds, and striped linen blinds; and pots, and stands, and vases of autumn flowers.

And neither was Robert thinking of the histories of others; he was occupied solely with his own, as so many of us are, while we forget that "we are not all alone unhappy," and that our friends and neighbors have their troubles—as great and often far greater than ours; and that if we would, in sympathy, and kindness, and unselfishness, give a little more consideration to the troubles and trials of others, we should, whether we believe it or not, be wonderfully relieving our own.

Presently a very neat, unpretending little figure entered the square, and came slowly, almost feebly along. Robert did not see her, for his eyes were fixed absently upon the poplars, while the gaze of the organ-grinder were in turn fixed despairingly on him.

But now the lady stepped off the pavement, and laid a penny on the organ, and then continued her way, gazing up also at Robert with a very mournful look on her small, pale face, which could boast of no beauty save that of expression, which it possessed in a very high degree, and which is after all a formidable rival of mere correctness of feature.

She pursued her way up to the door of the house which was for the present her home, and Robert's home too; for she was his wife. And as she mounted the steps he caught sight of her at last, and gave her a sort of forced smile of welcome.

A few minutes later he and she were seated at the tea-table together.

'Did Dr. Walford come this morning?' inquired Robert, as he sipped his tea.

'Yes, Robert.'

'And what did he say to you?'

'He said,' returned she, speaking gravely and steadily, 'that I ought to have a change,'—and now, though he did not observe it, she was watching him keenly—'that a winter in Italy, if I could get it, would probably make me quite well and strong again.'

Robert set down his cup, and remained in deep thought. At length he spoke.

'You shall go, Norrie—I think I can manage it. And I'll find somebody else who is going, if possible, so that you may not have to travel alone. My business, unsettled and uncertain as it is, will by no means bear leaving just now unless I wish to lose it altogether.'

There were of course many arrangements to be made, and more than a week passed before Norrie was quite ready to start. But from first to last—though they had been married only a few months—neither husband nor wife uttered a word of regret at their approaching separation.

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'Mrs. Parris!' screamed Mrs. Stoneleigh in alarm, to a lodger who occupied one of the rooms below; and the little, pale-faced, fretful-looking woman ran up with her baby in her arms.

'Oh, dear, what is the matter? Oh, poor, young gentleman, has he hurt himself?' for there lay Robert in a dead faint on the sofa.

Mrs. Stoneleigh's courage returned now that she had some one beside her; and she chafed the young man's hands, and loosened his collar, and finally called to Mrs. Parris to set the window wide open.

The cold north wind came sweeping in, rustling the newspaper that lay on the black, smouldering fire until the room was filled with smoke.

'There, that's enough of air!' said Mrs. Stoneleigh. 'You may shut it again now; I dare say he'll soon come to.'

'But whatever made him go off like that?'

'His wife,' and Mrs Stoneleigh whispered now, 'is lost, poor thing! He has been looking at the papers every day for news of the ship she went out in, and 'tis wrecked! I was in the room when he just said quietly—'All lost! Mrs. Stoneleigh, do you hear that?' and then he fell back on the sofa, and was gone in a minute.'

'I don't see that he need fret,' rejoined Mrs. Parris in a hard tone, and jerking her baby as she spoke into a more comfortable position. 'The poor young thing is better off, it is to be hoped.'

'He certainly had no great love for her,' added Mrs. Stoneleigh. 'Anybody might have seen that.'

'Ah!' commented Mrs. Parris. 'People make no end of mistakes in getting married. If they'd all keep single they might do well enough; but as it is—'

'Oh, I don't say that,' interrupted Mrs. Stoneleigh. 'My poor husband and I were happy enough together. My trouble is that I have lost him.'

And she bent over Robert again to hide the tears that were fast filling her eyes.

'Well,' said Mrs. Parris, discontentedly, 'we all have our troubles, I suppose. It is a hard world, and there is nothing whatever in it to live for that I can see,' forgetting apparently the bright, happy-looking little baby-boy she held.

Robert heaved a heavy sigh now, and opened his eyes.

'Nothing to live for!' he said in low, far-away tones. 'Who is it that has nothing to live for?' And then very suddenly came this second question—'Have you anything to die for?'

'Poor fellow!' exclaimed Mrs. Stoneleigh, in a half-whisper, but with a look of alarm, 'his mind is wandering!'

'Oh no, it isn't,' was the impatient though faintly-spoken reply; 'or if it is it is wandering in the right direction, which it hasn't done lately.' And now he raised himself a little. 'How did I come here? Give me that paper, will you, Mrs. Stoneleigh?'

But suddenly a look of full recollection, mingled with, oh, how much of regret and pain, crossed his features, and sinking back and covering his face with his hands, he groaned:—

'Oh, my poor, poor Norrie!—it is hard to believe that I have lost her!'

Swiftly and sorrowfully in thought he went over all the years he had known her. How gentle and loving she had always been! how little he had deserved her! and he had only married her because her mother had intimated that Norrie thought more highly of him than she did of anyone else, that in short she loved him, and being far from strong would, if she were deprived of his company, pine and fade away as her mother feared, and never be her bright, happy self again.

Of course Norrie had never known of this disclosure; yet very soon after her marriage she had felt a want, had learned that whatever Robert's feelings towards her might be, he at least did not love her. Then her health had given way, and she had to leave her home.

And lo! Robert had at once discovered that he missed her, missed her from her accustomed seat—missed her sweet, gentle voice, her companionship, her constant care for his comfort, her love; yes, missed her sorely, and could only comfort himself by thinking how differently he would treat her, and how earnestly he would strive to make up for all his coldness and neglect on her return.

And now?—Norrie, he told himself over and over again, with bursts of bitter grief which he vainly tried to suppress, had gone from him forever in this life, just as he was beginning—yes, he owned it now—to realize how dearly he loved her. Truly:—

'What we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost
Why then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.'

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Many months had passed away, and October had come again.

It was a bright, sunshiny morning. The square in which Mrs. Stoneleigh lived appeared to be in an unusual excitement, and alive with busy, expectant faces at all the doors and windows.

'What is going on?' thought a young woman a little wonderingly, as she came slowly along with her baby in her arms, and the next moment she put the question to a little girl who was passing.

'There is a wedding in the square,' answered the child.

'Whose?'

'I am not quite sure, but I think that the gentleman who has apartments at Mrs. Stoneleigh's is going to marry a Miss Stoneleigh—Mrs. Stoneleigh's niece.'

'What is the gentleman's name?'

'Mr. Robert Parker.'

And the child passed on.

The young mother turned deadly pale for an instant, and leaned against the railings. No one observed her, however, for all were too busily occupied in watching for the wedding party; and soon recovering a little she walked steadily on, and advancing to the door upon which all eyes were fixed, rang the bell.

A char-woman appeared, with a very smiling countenance, and evidently dressed in her best. But the visitor's face looked far more like weeping than smiling.

'I wished to see Mr. Parker,' she began, in low, trembling tones, 'but I am afraid——' and she paused, and seemed to gasp a little for breath.

The char-woman stared at both her and her baby, and then replied that Mr. Parker was just going to church to the wedding.

'For,' she added, smiling broadly now, 'he was so good as to promise to give away the bride, you see, ma'am. P'raps you'd like to call again.'

'Oh yes!' and the visitor's voice had wonderfully changed. 'I will not disturb any one just now.'

'And p'raps you'd like to see the wedding?' interrupted the char-woman. 'It is to be at the church close by. And what shall I tell Mr. Parker, ma'am, if you please?'

But Norrie — for of course it was Norrie—would not leave her name. She knew "the church close by" well, and she would go to see the wedding—and yet not that either, but to see how her Robert looked, and to read in his face whether he had sorrowed even ever so little at losing her. She went, sat in a retired corner, and commenced her watch, still holding her treasure—her little, sleeping baby.

A good many people dropped in by degrees, for Mrs. Stoneleigh was well known; but Norrie scarcely saw them, and remembered the face of neither bride nor bridegroom. She thought only of Robert, saw only his face, upon which she kept her eyes fastened from the moment he entered the church till he left it again.

He looked years older; his face was pale and thin, and its expression unalterably grave and serious. And a little fluttering hope rose up at once in Norrie's heart, and she could not help feeling happier than she had done for a whole long year and more, as she thought:—

'My own dear Robert! I think, I hope, that at least he will not be vexed at seeing me!'

The wedding was over, and everybody gone, when Norrie retraced her steps, and once more appeared at Mrs. Stoneleigh's door. And this time she had sent in a tiny note, just a twisted scrap of paper, on which she had written:—

'DEAR ROBERT.—I have come back to you again, and I have brought our little son with me. You will love me now, will you not? "NORRIE."

She was shown into a little side room, and there she waited, first laying her little one on a couch. It was only a moment that she waited—or it seemed but a moment to her—yet how much passed through her mind in the time She went back to the sorrowful days that had preceded her departure; and then she thought of the voyage and the storm, and how, after long weeks of suffering, she had recovered, to find herself among strangers, and the sole survivor of that terrible wreck, and also to learn that with the rest she had been reported dead. The last fact, however, distressed her but little.

'Perhaps it is better so,' she thought. 'Robert will not mind, for he did not love me.'

Her gentleness and kindness soon won her friends, and in various ways she contrived, however humbly, to support herself.

At length she became a mother, and it happened that the wife of an English clergyman, who was passing through the place, visited her, and at her desire now wrote to Robert for her, and also lent her money to take her home as soon as she should be able to travel.

Patiently she had waited for an answer to this letter, but none had arrived; and at length, sorrowfully enough and anxiously enough also, she had set out for home.

And now here she was, and how would Robert receive her?

He came quickly into the room.

'My Norrie!' he exclaimed, in a voice that was tremulous as a woman's with strong feeling. 'Is it possible?'

And she sprang up, and threw herself sobbing with joy into his arms, and in a few words told him all.

And he clasped her closely and kissed her as he had never kissed her till to-day, and told her his story—how he had made the mistake of imagining that he did not love his wife, when the truth was that she was his greatest treasure in the world.

But soon Norrie quitted him, and went to her little babe. He started—he had almost forgotten the child—and then he followed her, and bent over his infant son with feelings too deep for words.

'He belonged to you as much as to me,' murmurred Norrie, 'and I felt that I ought to bring him to you, or else——'

But she left the sentence unfinished.

Robert made no immediate reply, but stooped to kiss the little one, and to lift it and give it to Norrie; then making her sit down he took his place beside her, and folding his arms around both mother and child, he said a little reproachfully:—

'"Or else' you would not have come back to me—is that what you would say, Norrie? I thought that death alone should part us.'

'Forgive me, dear Robert' she returned, in tearful, earnest tones: 'I have long seen that I was wrong.'

'Forgive *me*, darling,' he said, still more earnestly. "It was I who was most to blame. *Can* you forgive me, Norrie?'

Her eyes answered, and her lips also. And then she began to make inquiries about the letter which had been sent to him; but Robert knew nothing of it, and could only conclude that it had in some way miscarried.

'And how is Mrs. Stoneleigh?' was Norrie's next question.

'Much brighter and happier than she used to be,' answered Robert. 'The newly-married people are to make their home with her, and she likes the idea. They will be company for her.'

'And Mrs. Parris—is she still here?'

'Yes. And she, too, is happier, as well as more sensible than she was a year ago. She has learned to be kind to her husband now,' and Robert's face was half grave, half smiling, 'and to curb her sharp little tongue. Poor Mr. Parris had a long and serious illness, and when his wife knew that she was likely to lose him she suddenly discovered—like me—that he was a great deal more to her than she imagined.'

Robert did not add, for he did not know, that his question—'Have you anything to die for?'—had wonderfully enough taken fast hold of the minds of both women, gradually inducing an entire change in their lives; and Mrs. Stoneleigh would not now have said that his mind was wandering had he put such a question to her.

'And now,' said Robert, 'please God we will be happy, Norrie—as we never have been yet. Ah, how many lessons we human beings want before we know what is good for us, and before we learn how to value our blessings, and to be contented and thankful.'

The Man with the Flail.

It carried the beholder back to thirty years ago, when the thrashing machine was heard only at rare intervals, and the honest farmer spread his golden stalks on the clean barn floor, and flailed away with such tempered blows that not a kernel was broken. The man who had it sat down on one of the benches in the West Circus Park. The rare sight of such an article halted every pedestrian, and the man had to keep explaining over and over.

"Well, I'll have some beans to shell this fall, and I kinder thought 'twould be easier to flail 'em out. The hardware man told me he had to send to Vermont for it."

Pretty soon along came a gray-headed alderman, and when he saw that flail he looked ten years younger all at once.

"I handled that for over ten years," he said, as he picked it up and spit on his hands. "Seems like old times to get hold of this hickory again."

He stepped out one side to give the crowd an exhibition on the grass, and his success was great. At the second blow the flail end hesitated in mid air, wobbled about and finally came down with a whack on the patriot's head, making him see more stars than a winter's night ever brought out. He dropped the weapon with the remark that he was already ten minutes late in keeping an appointment, and he was rubbing his skull as far down the street as he could be seen. The next man to try it was one who got off a passing car under the idea that a dog fight was in progress.

"A flail? Ha! ha! Why, I havn't seen a flail since I was married," he chuckled, as he reached for it. I presume I have flailed a thousand bushels of wheat in my time. You boys stand back there."

The boys retreated, and the man lifted the flail on high, and patted the grass in a vigorous manner.

"Yes, my stint used to be twenty bushels a day," he continued, "and though I do say it myself I——"

Something happened. He dropped the flail, seized his jaw, and danced off as if he had springs under him, and although a dozen voices asked what hit him he refused to tell.

Bye and bye a third man came sailing along, and when he saw the flail he remarked that his father had used one like it nearly all his life, and was called the smartest flailer in New Hampshire.

"Can't you use it?" inquired one of the crowd?

"Why, of course. If you boys want to see how our fathers got their wheat to mill I'll give you a little exhibition. Here, bub, hold my hat."

He buttoned his coat, moistened his hands and began work. The first blow nearly broke a man's knee, the second cracked against a boy's elbow, and at the third the flailer grabbed the top of his head and sat down with a subdued look in the corners of his mouth.

"Well, I guess I'll be jogging along," said the owner of the flail as he rose up. "It's all in getting the kink of it. A feller who makes twists and wobbles a special study won't git his head broke over twice a day, but a green hand might as well sit down under a brick-kiln durin' a tornader.—Day, gentlemen."—*Detroit Free Press.*

How politicians may perserve the ship of State—By dropping their cabals.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

'Never condemn a person on circumstantial evidence, it is unreliable, even when the circumstances seem to fit into each other like a couple of cog-wheels,' said John T. Morris, who is an experienced detective of Springfield, Ohio.

'Give us the story, Uncle John.'

'Not long ago there resided in Franklin county a wealthy old maid, Miss Sabina Smith. By inheritance she was the possessor of a large farm, on which was an old-fashioned, though comfortable dwelling house. She was reputed to have a good square bank account.'

'How old is she?'

'Well, on the shady side of 70, and she had a weakness like all old maids, not for kittens, poodles or canaries, but for children. She had raised several orphan girls, who are now well settled in life. In 1865, she adopted a six-year-old, black-eyed girl, bright as a button, named Mollie McCann, whose father had fallen in battle fighting for his country, while her mother, crazed with grief, pined and faded away. Mollie soon learned to love her new mother, and from a prattling maid in short clothes and pinafores she soon bloomed forth into a gushing school-girl, and at 18 was the belle of every rustic gathering—the pretty Miss Mollie McCann, over whom the boys raved and the girls envied. To all her admirers she turned a deaf ear, and with a pretty toss of the head and a merry twinkle of her roguish eye, bade them off and not bother her.

'Miss Smith was sensible; knew that Mollie would probably marry and have a home of her own some day, so she neither discouraged her fondness for society nor harped upon the miseries of wedded life in the maiden's ear, but when she came back from the state fair at Columbus in 1878, and told her adopted mother about the young gentleman she had met, his attentions and good qualities, Miss Smith was not pleased, nor did she hesitate to frown her displeasure and advise her ward to turn a willing ear to the many suitors of the neighborhood instead of seeking in far-off fields that which was nearest home.

'But Mollie was like many another struck on a traveling man, and she carried on a secret correspondence with him through a lady friend for a long time, until at last they were engaged.

'Miss Smith and Mollie were the sole occupants of the house. The bedrooms were four in number, two of which were used as spare rooms, one occupied by Miss Smith and containing two beds, Mollie occupying one, Miss Smith the other. The fourth bedroom was called Mollie's, but was only used by her when a lady friend was visiting her. In one of these spare bedrooms was an old-fashioned bureau and book-case combined, the top drawer of which could be converted into a desk. The back part of this drawer was fitted up with small drawers. One of these small drawers had from time immemorial been used as a money drawer. In the summer of 1879 the sum of $355 was missed from the drawer; in the summer of 1880 $200 mysteriously disappeared, together with a quantity of old gold coins which had been in the family for over a century. On the 20th day of last May Miss Smith loaned to a neighbor $500, giving him her check and he signing a note in her favor. Sickness prevented his presenting the check at the bank at Columbus, and, learning that Miss Smith was going to that city on the 30th, he requested her to get it cashed. She did so, and returned with Mollie about dark on that day, having the money all in $100 bills.

'The house was all securely locked down stairs, and Miss Smith deposited the $500 in the secretary drawer, closed the drawer, locking it and placing the key in the bureau drawer beneath. She then locked the room containing the bureau, and placed the key under some quilts that lay in a wardrobe in her bedroom. Before retiring she locked her bedroom door and she and Mollie retired for the night in seperate beds in the same room. The next morning, June 1, the neighbor who had borrowed the money, having a long journey to perform, during which he expected to make a payment on some land purchased, called as early as 5 o'clock, before Miss Smith and Mollie had arisen.

'Awakening Miss Smith, she, took her key from the wardrobe, unlocked the bedroom, then taking the bureau-drawer of the secretary, opened this to find the money gone. She went down stairs: everything was locked and bolted as she had left it the night before.

'Who took that money?

'That was the question that confronted me. There were no signs of a burglary; no lock forced, windows and doors all right. No one else in the house but Miss Smith and Mollie. Of course, I at once examined the girl. She talked freely, said she always had a presentiment that the money would be stolen—in fact had a presentiment that night, but feared to tell the old lady for fear of alarming her. I soon learned that Mollie had a key that fitted the bedroom containing the bureau, hence my suspicions were strengthened that Mollie had arisen in the night, either unlocked the door with her own key, or taken the one in the wardrobe, and, securing the money, hid it either in or out of the house without awakening the old lady. I finally told Mollie that I should have to search her and make a thorough examination of the house.

"'Well,' she naively remarked, 'if you do find any money about the house it won't prove that I stole it, will it?'

"'It will be prima facia evidence,' I said.

'I locked her up in her bedroom and began a thorough search; band-boxes pried into, bureau-drawers pulled out, cupboards ransacked, and finally went through her own room.

Under the carpet, under her bed I found in a compact wad twelve $100 bills. Now the total amount known to be missing was only $1,045. Where had the $155 come from? Where had the gold coin gone to? Was the bureau-drawer paying interest on its deposits?

"'Now I've got you, Mollie,' I said as I confronted her.

'Mollie fainted.

'A bottle of camphor and a little cold water brought her speedily to, yet she sturdily proclaimed her innocence.

"'I didn't take Miss Smith's money; no I did not,' she, convulsively exclaimed between her sobs.

'Miss Smith would not allow me to take her to jail, where I reasoned confinement would soon compel her to confess.

"'My work, however, was but partially done, for the gold coins had not turned up.

'I determined that those coins must be in the house and resolved upon a thorough search from cellar to garret. The cellar disclosed nothing, and at last I stumbled upon a small stairway leading to the garret, the door to which was a common trap-door, and was securely fastened by a padlock, to which was attached three links of a chain.

"'Give me the key,' I said to Miss Smith, 'to that trap door up in the attic.'

"'Oh, no use of looking there; the keys have been lost for over five years, and no one has ever been up there since.' There were cobwebs on the door, but I noticed that over the crack of the door's edge they appeared to have been broken away, caused by the door having been recently opened. With an axe I speedily got the door open and saw large footprints in the dust. By the aid of a lamp I followed the course of the tracks over the boards which lay across the shaky rafters to the furthest part of the garret, where, over an old cross-beam, hung a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags. The dust on the bags had been recently disturbed. In one of the pockets I found the five $100 bills which disappeared on the night of the 30th of May, the $365 that was missed in the summer of 1879, the $200 that was lost in 1880, and, better than all, the rare old gold coins upon which Miss Smith set such store as an heirloom. I had found the money, but I found $1,200 too much. The mystery deepened. I resolved upon one thing, and that was that Mollie must know something about the money that was hid under the carpet beneath her bed. I talked kindly to her, told her that Miss Smith's money had been found, and urged her to tell me how the $1,200 came under the carpet of her bed.

'You will not believe me if I tell you, but if Miss Smith will go out I will explain. I put the money there; it was my lover's. He had saved it out of his wages and given it to me to keep. I destroyed his letters, for fear my aunt would find out. There's the story.

A Somnambulist.—But how did the old lady's money get into the garret?'

'She carried it there herself. She was a somnambulist and she walked in her sleep.'

'How did you prove it, Mr. Norris? Did the old lady let you occupy the bedroom and catch her?'

'Oh, no! I got the old lady to take off her shoes and stockings and place her No. 7 foot down on a sheet of white paper. With a lead pencil I marked out her foot on that sheet of paper. With a pair of scissors I carefully cut the exact shape of the old lady's foot, which fitted exactly in the tracks in the dust on the garret boards. Besides that, Mollie's foot was much smaller, she only wearing a No. 2½ shoe, and would not fill the track. I also on careful examination found traces of cobwebs in the frill of the old lady's night-cap. So you see I proved it by both ends—the old lady's head and by her feet. I explained all to the satisfaction of the old lady, she paid me in money, and I now predict a wedding soon at the Smith mansion, with Mollie McCann as the bride."

A Scarcity of Hogs.—Pork Will Bring a Good Price.

Reports received from the Western States indicate that fat hogs will be scarce and high at the season when they are generally marketed. There is not the usual number of pigs in the country, and there is a deficiency of food with which to fatten them. Two causes have operated to reduce the number of stock hogs. The cold weather during the early spring months has killed many young pigs in Iowa and other Western States. The high price of pork during the summer months induced farmers to dispose of most of the hogs they had that were in a condition to be slaughtered. The condition of hogs is generally reported as poor for this season of the year. Those that were in good flesh have passed in the hands of the butcher. In Ohio and Indiana, where hogs are generally kept on pasture during the summer, a severe drought has prevailed nearly two months. As a consequence the grass and clover have dried up, and in some places there is a scarcity of water. In these states farmers are reluctant to feed corn to hogs at present prices, as they think it will bring more money if sold on the ear. The reports seem to show that the number of hogs in the West is at least 25 per cent. below the average at this time of year, and that they are of small size and in poor condition. Although American pork is prohibited from entering several foreign countries, Western farmers need be in no fear of low prices during the present season.

The storage capacity of the 23 Chicago elevating warehouses is 19,405,000 bushels, of which 10 have a capacity of 1,000,000 bushels or over. The largest C. B. & Q. elevator holds 1,800,000 bushels. Several of these elevators do not receive corn. The 12,000,000 bushels of corn in store last week Wednesday is said to have exhausted the capacity of all the "regular" elevators.